

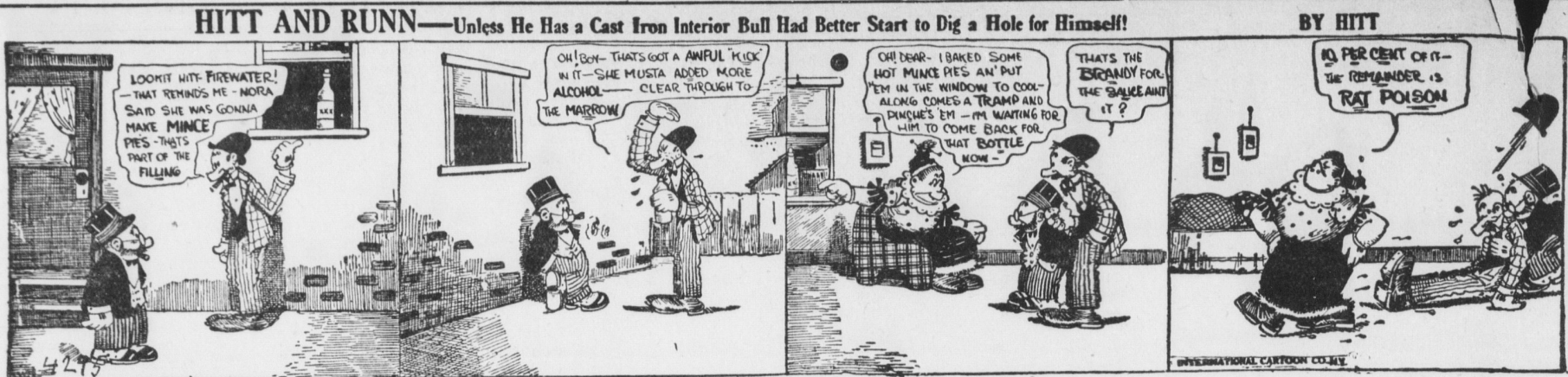


### Install More Electrical Outlets

Look at him growl and grumble... yet that maze of unsightly, tangled appliance cords is his own fault! He deprives himself and his family of modern convenience and adequate light merely because he has not had sufficient "electrical outlets" installed to take care of the appliance needs.

Disconnecting the floor lamp for the vacuum cleaner... the toaster for the percolator... robbing yourself of proper lighting by plugging table appliances into ceiling fixtures and wall brackets... and stringing long lines of cord from one floor lamp to another... lack system and efficiency.

See your local Electrical Contractor now— have him put in immediately, more of these highly useful "outlets" at easily accessible places. They're not only inexpensive but quickly installed.



### OWL LAFFS



BY A WISE OWL

Just learned of a chap who really makes more noise than I do when I'm asleep. Like myself, many people snore, but we have a man in town who actually whistles in his sleep. Really he is so noisy that when he awakes the other morning there were nine dogs in bed with him.

Did you ever hear about the Scotchman who had all his teeth pulled, then he didn't need to buy any more gum. He chewed his own.

We have a fellow here who is almost as tight. He is getting ready to build a new house and the other day he telephoned up to the Masonic Homes, at Elizabethtown and asked if they would send down three or four Free Masons.

I feel a poem coming on so I'll get it over with. Oh, I never could believe it, Though I often have been told, That a fire's always hottest Whenever it is coaled.

While returning from Sunday School on Sunday a little fellow from Mount Joy street had the misfortune to fall down in the rain and tear his pants.

When he reached home his mother asked, "Did you fall down in your good pants, Robert?" And Robert replied: "Yes'm, I didn't have time to take them off."

Here's a new version of the old, old poem, "Mother, may I go out to swim"

Mother, dear, may I take a swim Yes, my darling daughter; You look so much like a hickory limb You'd better stay in the water.

Speaking of the Gold Standard, the NRA and the CWA and the national debts, at a Rotary meeting recently, Grant Gerberich suggested that if everybody would buy a horse the country would soon be stabilized.

There's a certain chap at the Shoe Factory who told me, now that Mae West has decided to join a Nudists colony, he'd like to be a mosquito.

I was visiting a sick friend last night and he complained of continuously having cold feet. I told him that he ought to use a hot water bottle to keep them warm and he said: "That won't do any good. I tried that but I can't get my toe in the little hole at the top of the bottle."

I was up at the post office the other day and Dan Brubaker was addressing a convalescence card to that sick friend of mine. I couldn't help but see what he had written on one corner of the card and I certainly was surprised for I never knew that Dan was Scotch.

Just under the verse that had the usual "Get Well Quick" meaning Dan had written, "Please return this card immediately as I have another sick friend I want to send it to."

Not so long ago while walking in the mountains I came upon one of those old, ready-to-fall-down, backwoods shacks that are not fit to inhabit but never fail to house an unusually large family.

I knocked on the door to ask for a glass of water and when it was opened I saw a crowd of children. "Having a party?" I asked. "No," replied the old-backwoods woman, who had answered my knock, "They are all my children."

"How many children do you have?" I asked. "I don't know," she replied, "I never counted them." "But" I insisted, "How do you know when they're all in at night?" "I don't," she said, "I just wait till the house is full and then I lock the door."

And that, my dear readers, is the original story of the old woman who lived in a shoe.

"Stuffy" Klugh tells me that he can't understand why his girl is

### HEALTH TALK

WRITTEN BY DR. THEODORE B APPEL, SECRETARY OF HEALTH

"While tuberculosis has lost its pre-eminent position as the master killer in Pennsylvania and is now the number six on the list of public enemies, there is no justifiable reason for anyone to be satisfied with the present situation," states Dr. Theodore B. Appel, Secretary of Health. "It has been estimated that the annual tuberculosis cost in the United States approximates one billion dollars. Almost 315 million dollars are wasted annually through loss of future earning power caused by death, 300 millions more through the loss of wages, and an additional 150 millions for treatment. To this colossal outlay must be added the incalculable cost in direct and indirect misery and suffering chargeable against the Great White Plague.

"No one appreciating these facts can complacently view the present-day tuberculosis problem. And this even in the face of a net saving of at least 1,100 lives a year through the sanatorium care of tuberculosis cases, and the further fact that of the 800,000 persons who have passed through the sanatoria in the United States during the last ten years, nearly 600,000 are still alive.

"It should be observed that, in spite of the really great strides which have been made against this malady, much more needs to be done if a real conquest is to be achieved.

"Higher standards of living, protection of the milk supply, elimination of slum districts, and other factors contributing to hygienic living have played important parts in the great fight thus far made. However, the situation now demands, and indeed has demanded for years, that the individual citizen has a clearer conception of his personal duty in the fight than he now possesses.

"The common danger signals of tuberculosis are: A continuous tired feeling; loss of weight; a persistent cough; indigestion; pain in the chest and spitting of blood. These signals do not necessarily mean that tuberculosis has developed, but they call for an immediate professional check-up.

"It is at this point where thousands of persons fall down. Tuberculosis in the home is thus spread, particularly to children; and the vicious circle remains unfortunately intact.

"When the average citizen fully realizes that tuberculosis is a preventable disease; that it is not directly inherited; that it is acquired by direct transmission of the tubercle bacillus from the sick to the healthy; and thus recognizing early symptoms, takes the necessary steps to prevent the spread of the infection, the death rate from tuberculosis will definitely and satisfactorily diminish.

"Public health, represented by the clinics and sanatoria, has and will continue to do much, but personal cooperation by way of early recognition and control is the next step forward."

cross at him and I suggested that he probably said something that she didn't like.

"Stuffy" said he wouldn't know what he had said that was out-of-the-way because the last time he saw her the following conversation is all they said to each other and then she turned her back, walked away and refused to speak to him again.

Stuffy's femme: "You embarrassed me at the dance at McElroy's last night. Your handkerchief hung out under your coat all evening." Stuffy: "That didn't need to embarrass you. It wasn't my handkerchief... it was my shirt." (And he still can't understand why she's cross.)

Women find that these six-cylinder bachelors are mostly runabouts after they're married.

There's a certain student in the Junior class of our High School who wants to know, "if he got fifty in his intelligence test, would that make him a half-wit"

Met one of our newly married wives at the Acme store yesterday and I said: "Have you much room in your new flat?" "Mercy, no!" she replied, "my kitchen and dining room are so small, I have to use condensed milk."

The laziest man we can imagine is one who sits up all night to keep from washing his face in the morning.

Clarence Kauffman out at Sporting Hill said: "I paid \$500.00 for my dog." "What kind?" I asked. "Part bull and part collie," he said. "What part is bull, I interrogated. The part about paying \$500.00 for him, he replied. A WISE OWL

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MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

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### Road Stand, Restaurant Gas Station and Dwelling For Sale

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LITTLE AMERICA AVIATION and EXPLORATION CLUB With Byrd at the South Pole by C.A. Heisey President

Ordered To Report! NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Gosh, what a thrill! Here are my orders to join the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition. The youngest member of the crew. I'm going to the South Pole! To Little America—if Little America is still there, deep under the snow where it was left by the Admiral and his men in January, 1931. Maybe I'd better tell you who I am and what this is all about. I am 22 years old. Just graduated from Harvard last June. My father is Captain Arthur Heisey, U. S. N., retired. He is now stationed at the Boston Navy Yard, in charge of the Massachusetts Nautical School Ship, the U. S. S. Nantuxet. One of my grandfathers, George Stanford, has been in the oil business for more than 50 years. It would seem, therefore, that I come by two things naturally—love of sea adventure and my interest in automotive lubrication problems. I am going as fuel engineer of the Expedition and, believe me, it's going to be a big job. We are carrying every type of automotive engine—in monoplane, biplane, auto-gyro, snow-mobile, tractor, oil-driven steamship, outboard motor boat, auxiliary sailing vessel and a motor boat cruiser. There are engines of every type on this amazing Expedition, air-cooled, water-cooled, engines for self-contained electrical generator units, even a Diesel engine. Our leader, Rear-Admiral Byrd, tells me we shall do ten times as much flying as any polar expedition ever did before. And he promises to make me an expert aviator during our stay at the bottom of the world. What a thrill! I have been less than 30 minutes in the air and now I am going up against the most dangerous and most difficult conditions that ever confronted a rookie flyer. For the past two months I have been studying the rudiments of fuel and oil engineering at one of the big oil plants in Bayonne, N. J. For many long months, once we leave our base in New Zealand, we shall see a tree, a blade of grass, or any living thing except a few penguins, seals, gulls, killer whales and our own men and dogs, not forgetting Snow Shoes, our six-toed kitten. There is no wild life at the South Pole such as there is around the North Pole. The polar bears, walrus—practically nothing. Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, our famous leader, has spent the past two years preparing and gathering supplies for our journey—14,000 separate items! He has applied modern efficiency to exploration to an extent that permits us now to say that no other Polar Expedition ever set out with such an array of equipment. There are 85 of us besides Admiral Byrd. I am reporting today to our big 10,000-ton flagship, the Jacob Ruppert, over at Tide Water Pier No. 3 in Bayonne, where we shall take on immense supplies of oil, gasoline and fuel oil. Then off for Norfolk for the big farewell radio party and more equipment. Admiral Byrd is taking me with him for a very interesting reason. He is one of the greatest aviation enthusiasts in the world and he believes that the rapid development of American aviation depends largely upon the youth of the country. Therefore he is taking me along as a representative of the millions of young people of the United States. In order to deal more directly with the young aviators of the future, he has asked me to help organize the "Little America Aviation and Exploration Club." This we are now doing and I invite everybody in the country who is of high school age or over, and who is interested in aviation, exploration or adventure, to join it. There are no dues, no membership fees, no obligations whatever. Admiral Byrd and I held an election and I was elected president of the Club. We shall establish executive headquarters for the club at Little America in the bleak and icy Antarctic. For the duration of the Expedition, however, we shall have headquarters in the United States, where I invite you to write me immediately. To everyone who sends me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, at the Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, at the Hotel Lexington, 4th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City, our American Headquarters, I will send a membership card in the club. Later I will send to each member a practical working map of the Polar regions we expect to visit so that you will be able to trace every step of our adventures by following these weekly letters I shall be addressing to the club. Send in your membership application. We are going to have a lot of fun together for the next two years. There is no better way to boost your business than by local newspaper advertising. You can get all the news of this locality for less than three cents a week through the Bulletin.

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